A MARVEL® MAGAZINE

NEW LINE CINEMA ™

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OCT

FREDDY KRUEGER'S A Nightmare ON ELM STREET™

ILLUSTRATED HORROR FOR MATURE READERS

DON'T FALL ASLEEP— 'CAUSE **FREDDY'S** BACK!

FRIGHT-FILLED 1ST ISSUE!

ALL NEW STORIES!

A MARVEL® MAGAZINE

NEW LINE CINEMA

FREDDY KRUEGER'S A Nightmare ON ELM STREET™

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"THE BASTARD SON OF A THOUSAND MANIACS!"

SPRINGWOOD. JUST PAST MIDNIGHT.

THE RESIDENCE OF ROGER AND PATTI HAYES, AND THEIR DAUGHTER ALLISON.

:h'up:

AMB'LANCE IS HERE, BABE...

AMBULANCE

SPRINGWOOD PARAMEDIC

DREAMSTALKER

PART 1

MR. HAYES? YOU CALLED FOR AN AMBULANCE?

I--NO--YEAH, MY WIFE DID...

WHERE'S THE PATIENT, SIR?

UH.

IT'S A SIMPLE QUESTION, PAL--WHERE'S THE DAMN *PATIENT?*

I DIDN'T--I SWEAR--HOW THE HELL--COULD THIS HAPPEN...?

HELP!!

UP HERE--SHE'S UP HERE!

PLEASE--*HURRY!*

THANK YOU, MA'AM. WE'D BE GLAD TO.

:slup:

"GLAD"...?

HUH-UH... NUH, DON'T THINK SO...

IN THERE--IT'S MY DAUGHTER--!

JUST STEP ASIDE, MRS. HAYES. LET US THROUGH.

TRY TO STAY CALM. WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE POSSIBLY--

Oh god.

WHAT IN THE NAME OF HELL *HAPPENED* IN HERE...?

WEAK -- BUT THERE'S STILL A *PULSE*.

SHE LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY WORKED HER OVER WITH A DAMN *SCALPEL*...!

AND DID YOU NOTICE THE FEET? *BURNED*.

THIS KID'S BEEN *TORTURED*.

JOSH-- HELP ME GET HER ON THE STRETCHER.

MITCH, YOU CALL THE *COPS*.

THEY'RE NOT GETTIN' AWAY WITH THIS...!

LET'S GO OVER THE STORY *ONE* MORE TIME...

SPRINGWOOD POLICE DEPARTMENT

POLICE

MAYBE IT'LL IMPROVE IF YOU LACE IT WITH A LITTLE *TRUTH*.

BUT I *DIDN'T* HURT ALLISON! I DON'T *KNOW* WHO DID!

THERE WERE *SOUNDS* FROM HER ROOM--SCREAMS, BREAKING GLASS, *POUNDING*--

--LIKE SHE WAS BEING *SLAMMED* AGAINST THE WALLS!

UH-HUH. BY *WHOM*?

DAMMIT, I TOLD YOU--I *DON'T KNOW*!!

YOU THINK THIS SOUNDS ANY *LESS* CRAZY TO *ME*--?

PATTI... HONEY...

TELL HIM... PLEASE...

PATTI...?

IT--IT'S TRUE, SERGEANT--HER ROOM WAS LOCKED--FROM THE *INSIDE*...

ROGER *FORCED* OPEN THE DOOR--!

WE FOUND HER--BEATEN, ALL CUT UP--

OH, DEAR GOD... WHY DIDN'T WE *LISTEN*...?

'SCUSE ME, GUS? HOSPITAL JUST CALLED. KID'S GOIN' INTO *SURGERY*.

OOH-- *NO*!

MASSIVE INTERNAL BLEEDIN', DON'T SOUND GOOD.

SERGEANT MILLER--I *BEG* YOU--LET US GO TO HER!

I THINK YOU *SHOULD*. I'LL EVEN *DRIVE*.

NEW YORK.

YOU'RE *SURE* YOU WON'T RECONSIDER, JULIANN?

THE CITY'S STILL GOT A *FEW* ADVANTAGES OVER YOUR OLD HOME TOWN--

--*MYSELF* AMONG THEM.

71 WEST END AVENUE

YOU KNOW MY MIND'S MADE UP, DOUG. I'VE TAKEN THE *JOB*, FOR ONE THING.

AND THERE ARE... *OTHER* REASONS I WANT TO GO BACK TO SPRINGWOOD.

OKAY. IF YOU FIND YOURSELF MISSING THE MAN OF YOUR *DREAMS*, YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM.

UH-HUH.

GOOD NIGHT, DOUGIE.

MAN OF MY--

:OOOW:

CLUNK

WHAT THE HELL--?!

GREAT. *PERFECT* FINALE TO MY LAST BIG NIGHT ON THE TOWN--

I GET *MUGGED*...BY A *TRICYCLE*.

COMIN' FOR YOU

THE MANAGER'S GOING TO *HEAR* ABOUT THIS...!

COMIN' FOR YOU

SOMEONE COULD REALLY GET *HURT* IF...

COMIN' FOR YOU

HM? WHAT...?

WHO SAID THAT?

IS SOME-BODY--

COMIN'

FOR YOU

THREE,

FOUR, BETTER,

OH MY GOD--THE *FLOOR*--!

LOCK YOUR

EEEEEEEEE

DOOR, FIVE,

SIX, GRAB

YOUR

CRU-

CI-

FIX

WHO *ARE* YOU? WHAT DO YOU *WANT* FROM ME?!

WE ARE

THE WORLD

WHAT...?

"WE"

"ARE"

"THE"

"CHILDREN!"

HOLD US...

...JULIANN

...HOLD US

...TIGHT

TILL WE CRUMBLE TO DUST...

...AND GO NITEY-NITE!

NO

BABIES-- JUST BABIES-- OH, GOD--

ONE, TWO--

WHAT-- WHERE AM I NOW?

--FREDDY'S COMIN' FOR YOU!

--THREE FOUR, BETTER LOCK YOUR DOOR!

FIVE, SIX GRAB YOUR CRUCIFIX!

SEVEN, EIGHT--

--GONNA STAY UP LATE!

NINE, TEN--

NEVER SLEEP... AGAIN.

HIYA, JOOLS.

WANNA MEET YOUR PERFECT *MATCH*?

AAAAAAGGHH

--OOOH!!

NO!!

DAMN DAMN *DAMN*!!!

CIGARETTE-- WHERE'D IT GO--?!

IF I KEEP FALLING *ASLEEP* WITH THESE DAMN THINGS *LIT*--

--I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MR. KRUEGER.

I'LL FLAMBÉE *MYSELF*!

YEAH. RIGHT...

THAT'S WHY MY HANDS WON'T STOP *SHAKING*...

MAYBE I *OUGHT* TO RETHINK THE MOVE BACK TO SPRINGWOOD...

SPRINGWOOD MEDICAL CENTER O.R. --

SHE'S UNDER. LET'S BEGIN...

THE SPLEEN'S RUPTURED WE'LL HAVE TO *REMOVE* IT TO STOP THE BLEEDING.

SCALPEL...

CLAMP-- UH--

WHAT THE *HELL--?!*

THE INCISION'S OPENING--*BY ITSELF!*

SOMETHING'S *RIPPING* HER APART!

THIS IS IT, ALLISON--

YOUR MOMENT OF GUTS 'N' GLORY!

OH, GOD-- *NO-- STOP--!!*

IT'S -AAAGK- *STRANGLING ME--!!*

AW, WHAT'S THE MATTER, HONEY-- *UPSET STOMACH?*

÷aagkg÷

YOU GOT AWAY FROM ME *ONCE*, BITCH-- BUT IT WON'T HAPPEN *AGAIN!*

DON'T GET ALL CHOKED UP. SHOW SOME *INTESTINAL FORTITUDE...!*

HER LUNGS ARE FILLING WITH BLOOD-- SHE'S *SUFFOCATING!*

WE'LL HAVE TO OPEN HER UP THERE, TOO.

WHY IS SHE *SPASMING?*

CAN'T YOU KEEP HER *STILL?*

SHE SHOULDN'T BE *ABLE* TO MOVE *AT ALL!*

SHE'S UNDER COMPLETE SEDATION-- MUSCLE RELAXANTS--

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING *LIKE* THIS--!

NO-- NO--

WHAT *IS* IT, THEN? AN ALLERGIC REACTION?

IF SO, THE ANESTHESIOLOGIST IS OUT A *LICENSE...!*

NO--!!

DAMN YOU, I'M *NOT* GOING TO *DIE!!*

YOU WANT TO SEE *GUTS*-- I'LL *SHOW* YOU GUTS!

HOW'D YOU LIKE A NICE ORGANIC *DICKEY*, YOU UGLY BASTARD?!

;hrregh; WITH THE LOOSE ENDS TRIMMED--

CLIKK

OH, NO--I'VE *LEARNED* THAT TRICK!

;hurrgh; YES--I SEE ;urregh; YOU HAVE--!

GET THIS *STRAIGHT!*

YOU CAN *HURT* ME-- *SCARE* ME-- *BATTER* ME WITHIN AN INCH OF MY LIFE--

KRASH

YAAAAAAA

KZZZT

--BUT I *WON'T* LET YOU *KILL* ME!!

LIFE--AIN'T ALL IT'S--CRACKED UP TO BE, KID--

I'LL SHOW YOU--I'LL BE *BACK*--!

YOU CAN'T--KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN...!

VITAL SIGNS STABILIZING.

HER LUNGS ARE *DRAINING.*

THE KID'S A *FIGHTER*--THAT'S FOR SURE.

SPASMS HAVE STOPPED--LET'S TRY TO PULL HER *THROUGH*...!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

--IN HER *DREAMS?* ARE YOU ASKING ME--

ALL I'M SAYING IS, IT'S HAPPENED *BEFORE*. SHE'S AWAKENED SCREAMING--

--SOMETIMES WITH TINY *WOUNDS*, BUT NOTHING LIKE--

MR. AND MRS. HAYES--?

DOCTOR! HOW IS SHE--?

IT'S STILL TOUCH-AND-GO, I'M AFRAID. WE'LL KNOW MORE WITH *TIME*.

SHE'S *STRONG*, THOUGH. IT WAS AS IF HER *BODY* TRIED TO DIE, AND HER *SPIRIT* WOULDN'T *ALLOW* IT.

IF SHE *MAINTAINS* THAT STRENGTH OF WILL, SHE'LL RECOVER.

CAN'T YOU CALL OFF THE *TROOPS* NOW, MILLER?

I ADMIT, PATTI AND I HAVEN'T ALWAYS BEEN THE *BEST* OF PARENTS--

--BUT YOU *MUST* KNOW NOW THAT NEITHER OF US COULD HURT ALLISON THIS WAY...!

MAYBE...

THE FOLLOWING DAY...

Dear Mr. Quinn,

I read your letter with both great interest and profound sadness. It pains me deeply to revive the memory of the torments suffered by my Sister in Christ, Amanda Krueger.

Yet I cannot refuse your request.

"TORMENTS"...

I'VE READ THIS LETTER FIFTY TIMES AND THE LANGUAGE STILL ASTONISHES ME.

HOW MANY PEOPLE CAN WRITE ABOUT "TORMENT" WITHOUT IT SOUNDING THE *LEAST* BIT MELODRAMATIC?

THE TONE IS SO CONSISTENT, THE HURT SO *REAL*--!

As you know, both Amanda, whom I knew as Sister Mary Helena, and I were nurses...

OUR LADY OF SORROWS INSTITUTION FO MENTALLY ILL

...at the mental hospital then called Our Lady of Sorrows, in Springwood...

I recall with disturbing clarity our last conversation before that terrible Christmas of 1946...

IT'S A PITY YOU WON'T BE GOING *HOME* FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO VISITING MY *FAMILY*...

...BUT IF I'M NEEDED *HERE*, IT MUST BE GOD'S WILL.

35010

NO, DEAR--THE WILL OF THE PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT. OUR LORD DIDN'T INVENT THE *SENIORITY SYSTEM*.

She laughed.

I cannot recall ever hearing her laugh again.

She had been assigned for the holidays, to a duty ordinarily performed by the older, more experienced among us.

We called it simply, The Tower.

At the top of its winding stairs...

...behind a bolted steel door...

...was hell on earth.

The air was different up there--foul-smelling. Unclean.

Any sudden movement, the slightest sound--

OH--!

--could be cause for dread.

SORRY TO STARTLE YOU, SISTER. I DIDN'T HEAR YOU ON THE STAIRS...

IT'S ALL RIGHT-- REALLY-- I JUST--

BELIEVE ME, THERE'S NO NEED TO *EXPLAIN.*

ARE YOU-- *LEAVING...?*

YEAH, SOME EMERGENCY IN THE WEST WING. SECURITY STAFF'S AT MINIMUM, TOO, TILL THE 26TH.

DON'T WORRY--I WON'T BE LONG.

OH, AND NO MATTER *WHAT*--

--DON'T GO INTO THE *CAGE* TILL I GET BACK! IS THAT *CLEAR?*

The warning was unnecessary, of course. Sister Mary Helena had no intention of entering that vipers' den alone.

She would prepare the patients' medication...

...force herself to ignore the endless weeping and moaning from behind the door...

...and wait for the guard to return.

Which is precisely what she did:

Work...

...and wait...

...work...

...and wait...

...until it was abundantly clear he had either forgotten her or would be occupied for some time to come.

It was urgent that the patients receive their medication on time.

She was about to leave, to find the guard...

...when, from within the ward, there came a sound unlike any she had ever heard.

URREYUHR

It was, she said. like the cry of a soul in terror of its own being.

Conscience would not permit her to ignore it.

Concerned for the patients' safety...

...she peered inside.

PUNCHA PUNCHA...

GO SLOOOOW...

KILL IT KILL IT

AHAYAARREEG

PAIN O' THE WORLD; PAIN O' THE WORLD...

They were the worst of the criminally insane...

...beyond all help, beyond all hope.

In those days, all we could do was lock them away...

...and keep them sufficiently tranquilized to prevent their killing one another, or themselves.

At the moment, she was failing even at that.

Perhaps she could calm him, she thought.

Then she thought better.

Who would calm the others?

But the screaming persisted, and the pounding fists...

...and calling won out over sense.

She entered the ward...

EHHYUHNNG

SIR...?

LET ME HELP YOU... PLEASE.

SISSUH...?!

At first, the patients must have been so startled to see her, they stood silently, watching.

THAT'S RIGHT, SISTER MARY HELENA.

SISSUH...

...MARY HELENA.

I'LL BE CARING FOR YOU OVER THE HOLIDAYS.

YUH?

BAY-BEE BAY-BU BU-BAY

LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS.

YOU'VE HURT THEM... VERY BADLY.

NUH. STRONG...

SHOW YUH!!

;mnnnph;

LIKE IT, SISSUH?

NO!!

'S GOOD...

I DON' LIKE IT WHEN YUH LIKE IT...

DEAR GOD--NO!!

GOD AIN' AROUND, SISSUH... JUST YUH 'N ME...

LET ME GO--I'LL SCREAM--!!

EEEE

PAIN O' THE WORLD...

...heh!

THERE...

NO CAUSE T' LOOK, NOT LIKELY T' FIND...

heh...!

PAIN O' THE WORLD...

SLAM

And she was not found until the 26th...

NOOOOO

...three days later.

I was there when they dragged her from the ward, barely alive. God forgive me, I could have throttled the guard for never questioning her absence...

She had been beaten mercilessly...

...and raped literally hundreds of times.

And as her doctor later confirmed, she was pregnant.

God had left her nothing but her dignity and her faith.

She retained both until the end of her life.

I GET SO TORN UP *READING* THIS...

It was my faith which wavered-- and does sometimes, even now.

Yours in Christ, *Sister Dorothea*

...SO EMOTIONALLY EXHAUSTED...

...WHAT WAS IT LIKE...TO HAVE LIVED IT?

CHASSH!

OH, NO-- NO!!

-hnnm-

I KNOW THIS ISN'T HAPPENING--!

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE--!

DR. QUINN...

I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE--!!

WHA'--

I WISH YOU'D TELL ME-- I'VE HAD FOUR YEARS OF THERAPY AND STILL CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT.

JUST RELAX. YOU HAD A BAD DREAM, THAT'S ALL.

RIGHT...

...THAT'S ALL.

JUST... A BAD DREAM.

PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATION OF FREDERICK KRUEGER

REPORT TO THE SUPERIOR COURT SPRINGWOOD COUNTY DISTRICT

SUBMITTED BY ROBERT NAUGHTON, M.D.

"Subject Frederick Krueger is the son of Sister Mary Helena (born: Amanda Krueger) and an unknown patient at Our Lady of Sorrows Institution for the Mentally Ill.

ST. DOMINIC'S HOME FOR ORPHANS EST. 1935

"He was remanded at birth to the care of a church-operated orphanage...

"...from which in November, 1947, at the age of nine weeks, he was adopted...

ST. DOMI

"...by a real estate agent and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Strunk.

"According to police records, the Strunks' custody of Frederick lasted less than 24 hours.

"On the very night they brought the child home....

"...their residence at 111 Maple Street was violated by burglars.

"There was no evidence to suggest they were after the child.

"It appears, however, that even in infancy, Frederick seemed uncannily to attract violence.

"Frederick and his newly-adoptive parents apparently slept soundly...

"...until a noise from the kitchen awakened Mr. Strunk.

"Taking a gun for protection...

"...he went to investigate...

"...and surprised the intruders in the kitchen.

"As startled himself as they were, he fired...

"...wounding one of the burglars.

"Police theorize he must have advanced on the other, a female...

"...prompting her to seek the nearest weapon:

"a carving knife...

"...which she summarily buried in Strunk's chest.

"Even as Mr. Strunk was expiring...

"...his wife, awakened by the scuffle, entered the kitchen, saw what had become of her husband...

"...and screamed.

"This, of course made it necessary for the thieves to silence her as well...

"...which they did...

"...at the door of Frederick's nursery.

"The sound no doubt awakened the child...

"...but rather than killing him...

"...they somehow muffled his cries...

"...and added him to their loot.

"At some later date, Frederick was sold to a couple later identified as Walter ('Stork') Fingle and Isabel Tront, a small-time procurer and his prostitute, respectively.

"Precisely why they wanted the child remains unknown--perhaps some perverse parenting impulse, perhaps something worse.

"In any event, according to Subject's own account...

"...by the age of six, he was learning their trade."

HEY, MISTER--WANNA GO OUT WITH MY MOM...?

"The extent to which Subject's sexuality was warped by what he saw in those years cannot be overstated.

"...nor the effects of the cruelties he suffered...

"...at Fingle's hands.

TOLDJA NOT T' BODDER DA CUSTOMERS...!

TOLDJA A MILLYUN TIMES...

--DIDN'T I?

YESSIR.

WUZZAT...?

YES!

SMASH

"In fact, such punishments must have been administered routinely...

THEN SEE IT DON'T HAPPEN AGAIN...

...OR NEXT TIME, I CUT YA UP GOOD.

"...if the scars over Subject's body are any indication.

"Again by his own account...

"...Frederick remained in this environment until his early teens.

"He freely admits to the circumstances of his departure.

"Indeed he takes inordinate pride at having mastered the use of Fingle's disciplinary tool.

"...and at having employed it to slit his custodians' throats in their sleep.

"Police records corroborate the time frame...

"...and the details...

ROT IN HELL

"...of Fingle and Tront's deaths.

"Subject spent the next several years as an ttinerant, surviving on the fruits of mugging and petty thefts.

"He claims to have slept out-doors for much of this time, regardless of weather.

"...and it was during this period, he asserts...

"...that he learned to control his dreams.

"Obviously, such a claim must be viewed with skepticism.

"Yet it is undoubtedly true that only in fantasy...

"...could he have experienced any sense of command over his chaotic existence.

"It was hardly surprising that the dominant theme of the dreams he related to me...

"...was that of sexual ecstasy derived from the exercise of absolute domination, ie., the power of life and death.

"In his dreams, his hands became Fingle's instrument of torture...

"...and only through the infliction of pain came pleasure.

"In time, Subject's ability to distinguish between fantasy and reality became drastically impaired...

"...until eventually, he eliminated the difference altogether.

"The crimes of which Subject stands accused represent the fusion of his fantasies with reality.

"The boiler room where, allegedly, the murders were committed was its dungeon.

"The abandoned power plant where he resided was his fortress against the world.

"The victims, all children, were as helpless against him as he had been against Fingle.

"In their pain...

"...he found love.

"His disposal of the bodies seems more a ritual than an effort to conceal his crimes.

"Each was cradled gently in his arms, borne to the boiler...

"...and thrust into the sacrificial flames, perhaps to purify their souls...

"...or perhaps to cleanse his. We may never know which.

"None of this should be construed, however, to mean that Subject was unable to distinguish right from wrong.

"Quite clearly, he understood that he was committing murder.

"And quite clearly, he enjoyed it.

"It is therefore my opinion that Frederick Krueger should be judged competent to stand trial."

--THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING.

PLEASE EXTINGUISH ALL SMOKING MATERIALS AND FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS, PLEASE.

WE ARE COMMENCING OUR FINAL APPROACH TO SPRINGWOOD...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--

SOME TIME LATER...

"YOU'LL BE STAYING WITH US HOW LONG, MS. QUINN?"

"ABOUT A WEEK-- TILL MY FURNITURE ARRIVES FROM NEW YORK."

"OKEYDOKEY. ROOM 102. AND ENJOY YOUR STAY AT THE SPRING-WOOD INN."

"ENJOY YOUR STAY"...!

THE MOTELS IN THIS TOWN SHOULD PUT *AMPHETAMINES* ON THE PILLOWS INSTEAD OF *MINTS*...

NO.

THAT'S *FATIGUE* TALKING. I CAN'T LET MYSELF FALL INTO THAT TRAP!

I CAME BACK HERE TO PUT A *STOP* TO THE NIGHTMARES--

--AND TO *YOU*, IF I CAN--

Evening Herald

Marvel Ave

SPRINGWOOD SLASHER GOES FREE

JUDGE RULES EVIDENCE OBTAINED IMPROPERLY

SPRINGWOOD SLASHER DIES IN FIRE.

ARSON SUSPECTED, POLICE PROMISE INQUIRY.

--THOUGH, OBVIOUSLY, THAT'S BEEN TRIED *BEFORE*...!

THEN, AGAIN, WHO KNOWS...?

MAYBE I'M THE ONE...

...YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE...

...PICKED ON...

nine, ten

never sleep again

ONE, TWO, FREDDY'S COMIN' FOR YOU--

WHAT? WHERE--?

THREE, FOUR, BETTER LOCK YOUR DOOR--

OH, MY GOD--!

JULIANN?

HOW DID YOU-- WHERE--?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WORLD PEACE...

WORLD PEACE...

TO WIN THE LOTTERY...

THE NEW GUNS 'N ROSES ALBUM...

FOR HIM TO LEAVE ME ALONE...

ONE LOUSY NIGHT...

SO I CAN SLEEP WITHOUT--

AAAAA-

SORRY TO *EXTRUDE* JUST AS THE CONVERSATION WAS STARTING TO *SPARKLE*--

--BUT I NEVER COULD STOMACH A *WHINER*.

THIS IS *MY* DREAM, NOT YOURS...

I CONTROL IT, NOT *YOU*...!

KEEP IT, *PRIMAL*!

DON'T GO THEORETICAL ON ME, JOOLS. I *HATE* THAT.

YOU *SCREAM*...

...I'LL JUMP YOUR *BONES*...

...AND WE'LL GO FOR A *RIDE*...!

FIGURE IT THIS WAY, JOOLS.

YOU HIT BOTTOM...

...BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY...

IF I LET YOU WAKE UP...

...YOU'LL STILL HAVE TA GO TO WORK IN THE MORNING!

MAYBE *DEATH*--

NO.

MY DREAM. NOT YOURS.

MY *DREAM*.

I'M NOT FALLING, KRUEGER-- I'M FLYING...

...RISING GENTLY ON SILVER WINGS...!

BACK TO MY BED...

BACK TO MY ROOM...

BACK TO WHERE I'M SAFE...!

NICE TRY, JOOLS...

...BUT I JUST REVISED YOUR FLIGHT PLAN.

I THOUGHT WE SHOULD SPEND A LITTLE TIME TOGETHER IN *MY* ROOM.

I WANT TO GET AS CLOSE TO *YOU* AS YOU'VE GOTTEN TO *ME*.

SO FAR, IT'S BEEN A PRETTY ONE-SIDED RELATIONSHIP.

ZZHING

ZZHING

BUT WE'LL REMEDY THAT.

I WON'T BE SO *DISTANT* FROM NOW ON.

ZZHING

WE'LL GET TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER *INSIDE AND OUT...!*

ZZHING

NO--!!

ZZHINNG ZHINNG

NOOOOO-

--OHHHH!

THE PHONE-- IT'S JUST THE--!

HELLO?... YES...

DR. MARLIN... YES, THIS IS... JULIANN...

...NO, NOT REALLY OUT OF BREATH, JUST...

...NO, NO, I'M GLAD YOU WOKE ME...!

YESSIR... I'LL BE AT THE STAFF MEETING... NINE SHARP...!

THE NEXT MORNING...

"DR. QUINN'S WORK HAS INCLUDED A CROSS-CULTURAL STUDY ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DREAMS...

"SHE'S HAD UNUSUAL SUCCESS TREATING SLEEP-DISORIENTED PATIENTS..."

...WITH TECHNIQUES DERIVED FROM THE BELIEFS OF THE YAQUI INDIANS, THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES, AND SO ON.

I EXPECT HER TO BECOME A UNIQUE AND VALUABLE ASSET TO THIS CLINIC.

IT'S ABOUT TIME, MARLIN. WE'VE *NEEDED* A *WITCH DOCTOR* ON STAFF HERE.

FEEL FREE TO BE *AMUSED*, DR. WATLEY.

I DON'T ASK FOR YOUR CREDULITY... JUST A MODICUM OF *COURTESY*.

:haha: IT'S ALL RIGHT, HON. WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME *TEAM*.

I'M AFRAID I'M NOT MUCH OF A "TEAM PLAYER," DOCTOR...OR A *DIPLOMAT*, EITHER.

MY EXPERTISE IS IN RESEARCH AND INDIVIDUAL THERAPY. THOSE WILL BE MY CONCERNS--

--NOT CLINIC *POLITICS*.

SOME OF MY TECHNIQUES ARE UNORTHODOX. DR. MARLIN *KNEW* THAT WHEN HE HIRED ME.

YOUR OPINION OF *ME* IS YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

HOWEVER, MY *WORK* WILL NOT BE SUBJECT TO GROUP CRITIQUE...

...OR TO RIDICULE

LATER...

I'M SORRY IF I CAME DOWN SO HARD ON WATLEY. HE--

HE DESERVED IT. GOOD DOCTOR--BUT OCCASIONALLY A POMPOUS *ASS*.

I'M GOING TO *ASSUME* FROM THAT SPEECH THAT YOU'D LIKE TO GET TO *WORK* IMMEDIATELY.

BECAUSE I THINK I HAVE A PATIENT WHO *NEEDS* YOU.

YOU'LL SEE HER AT SPRINGWOOD MEDICAL. SHE CAN'T BE *MOVED* YET.

SEVERE DELUSIONS. DEPRESSIVE BEHAVIOR. INDICATIONS OF POSSIBLE PARENTAL ABUSE.

THE *POLICE* WANT AN EXAMINATION RIGHT AWAY.

GOOD LUCK, DOCTOR.

Hayes, Allison

SPRINGWOOD MEDICAL:

NO, *REALLY*-- IT'S AN ANTIBIOTIC, ALLISON.

AND WHAT *ELSE*?

NOTH--

YOU'RE LYING!

KWAP

YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE ME GO TO *SLEEP!*

YOU'RE ALL TRYING TO KILL ME!!

I DON'T WANT YOUR DAMN TRANKS! GET OUT!

GET OUUUUT!!

I TAKE IT I'VE ARRIVED AT A BAD--

--OH, MY GOD.

IT'S OKAY. THIS'S HER *TYPICAL* MOOD.

THIS IS CRAZY... YOU CAN'T...

HERE'S LOOKING AT *YOU*, TOO, KID...

I'M NOT TRYIN' TO MAKE TROUBLE JUST TO STAY *AWAKE*--!

YOU KNOW! *TELL* 'ER--!

DON'T BE SILLY, ALLISON. HOW WOULD THIS LADY--?

NO, IT'S *TRUE*, NURSE. I'M DR. QUINN-- FROM WESTIN HILLS.

ALLISON'S-- UH--SLEEP DISORDER DOESN'T RESPOND WELL TO *SEDATION*.

WHAT WAS IN THE *SYRINGE*?

TETRACYCLIN... THAT'S ALL.

BRING ANOTHER.

SHE WAS TELLING YOU THE *TRUTH*, ALLISON.

IT'S NOT A TRANQUILIZER. DO YOU *BELIEVE* ME?

YOU'RE A *SHRINK*, AREN'T YOU?

I DON'T *NEED* A SHRINK. I NEED A *BODYGUARD!*

I KNOW.

TO PROTECT YOU FROM THE MAN IN YOUR *DREAMS*.

-sob- OHHH... IT *WAS* YOU...

...YOU *DO* KNOW...!

NOBODY'S EVER *BELIEVED* ME! YOU HAVE TO TELL ME--

HIS NAME... IS *FRED KRUEGER*.

AND IF YOU PROMISE TO STAY *CALM*, I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW ABOUT HIM.

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO *RELAX*... GET YOUR *STRENGTH* BACK.

YOU'RE GOING TO *NEED* IT.

SOME TIME LATER...

I...STILL DON'T *GET* IT!

WHAT *IS* HE? WHY'S HE AFTER YOU--OR *ME*?!

MY *PARENTS* WERE AMONG THE MOB THAT *BURNED HIM ALIVE* AFTER HE WAS FREED--!

WE MOVED AWAY FROM SPRINGWOOD A FEW YEARS LATER.

I GREW UP IN *NEW YORK*-- SPENT MOST OF MY LIFE THERE.

I NEVER EVEN *KNEW* ABOUT KRUEGER-- OR THE MASSACRE OF MY CHILDHOOD FRIENDS--

--TILL HE INVADED *MY* DREAMS.

SO HE'S AFTER YOU FOR *REVENGE*...

...BUT WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH *ME*? AND WHAT *IS* HE?

HE'S BECOME SOMETHING OUR CULTURE DOESN'T HAVE A *WORD* FOR--A DEMON OF THE DREAM WORLD--*EVIL* IN ITS MOST RAREFIED STATE.

OH, SWELL...!

AS TO WHY HE WANTS *YOU*--THAT'S A MYSTERY...

...EXCEPT, OF COURSE, THAT HE SEEMS TO *FEED* ON TERROR AND LOVES A GOOD *FIGHT*.

AND YOU'VE PROVIDED HIM WITH *BOTH*.

SO WHERE DOES ALL THIS *GET* US? I MEAN, SOONER OR LATER, I'M *BOUND* TO FALL *ASLEEP*, RIGHT?

AND THEN I DO THE MAXIMUM *CHECKOUT*.

THERE'S NO WAY TO *BEAT* THE SON OF A BITCH...*IS* THERE?

THERE *MAY* BE...

...BY *DREAMING* TRUE.

THAT EVENING...

IT'S A TECHNIQUE FOR MAINTAINING COMPLETE *CONTINUITY OF THOUGHT* FROM THE WAKING STATE INTO DREAMING...

YOU'RE SHINING ME...!

I'M WHAT?

KIDDING. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

NO, ALLISON... IT *ISN'T.*

WE VISUALIZE A PLACE AND *HOLD* THE PICTURE IN OUR MINDS UNTIL THE *INSTANT* WE FALL ASLEEP.

AT PRECISELY THAT MOMENT, WE STEP *INTO* THE PICTURE.

SOUNDS PRETTY *FLAKY* TO ME...!

THAT'S OKAY...

...AS LONG AS YOU'RE WILLING TO *TRY* IT.

HERE'S WHERE WE'LL GO-- IT'LL BE TERRITORY *WE* CONTROL...

...WITH NOWHERE FOR KRUEGER TO *HIDE* IF HE DECIDES TO *JOIN* US.

NOW, LIE BACK... LOOK AT THE PICTURE... AND STAY CONSCIOUS OF MY *TOUCH.*

THE SHARED *SENSATION* IS WHAT WILL KEEP US *TOGETHER...!*

I'M... FADIN' FAST... SO TIRED...

DO YOU... FEEL MY TOUCH...?

mm-hmm...

SEE THE PICTURE...?

mmm

LET... YOURSELF... RELAX...

"CALM... BUT NOT... DRIFTING...

"DIRECTED... FOCUSED...

"COME WITH ME..."

...INTO THE DREAM...!

WE *DID* IT?... WE'RE *HERE*?...

YES. BUT NOW YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE *CONTROL* OF THE DREAM.

HUH?

DREAM YOURSELF *HEALED.*

YOU'RE NOT BOUND BY *PHYSICAL REALITY.* YOU DON'T HAVE TO WEAR THAT HOSPITAL GOWN.

SEARCH YOUR MIND. FIND AN IMAGE OF *POWER*-- AND WEAR *THAT.*

OKAY-- *YEAH.*

SOMETHING WAY COOL...!

I SAW IT ON A *LADY WRESTLER* ONCE--!

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT'S *MAIN EVENT!*

THIS MATCH IS SCHEDULED FOR *ONE FALL*--

--*YOURS!*

WITH *NO* TIME LIMIT--AND *NO HOLDS BARRED!*

KRUEGER! HOW--?!

YOU'RE EVEN STUPIDER THAN YOU *LOOK*, BITCH!

DON'TCHA KNOW WRESTLING IS *FIXED*?!!

KRANCH

PLOK PLOK PLOK

SSSSST

THE *GROUND'S* OPENING UP--!

SSSSST

WHAT'S THAT *YUCK* INSIDE?!

BRAINS, ALLISON! I FIGURED YOU COULD *USE* SOME!

HOT STEAMING *BRAINS* FOR A COUPLE OF HOT, SEXY *CHICKS*!

I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO *DIE* WITHOUT SEEING MY *INTELLECTUAL SIDE.*

I CAN BE A VERY *DEEP THINKER!*

HAHAHAHA

TAKE A MOMENT AND LET THAT *SINK IN...!*

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE!